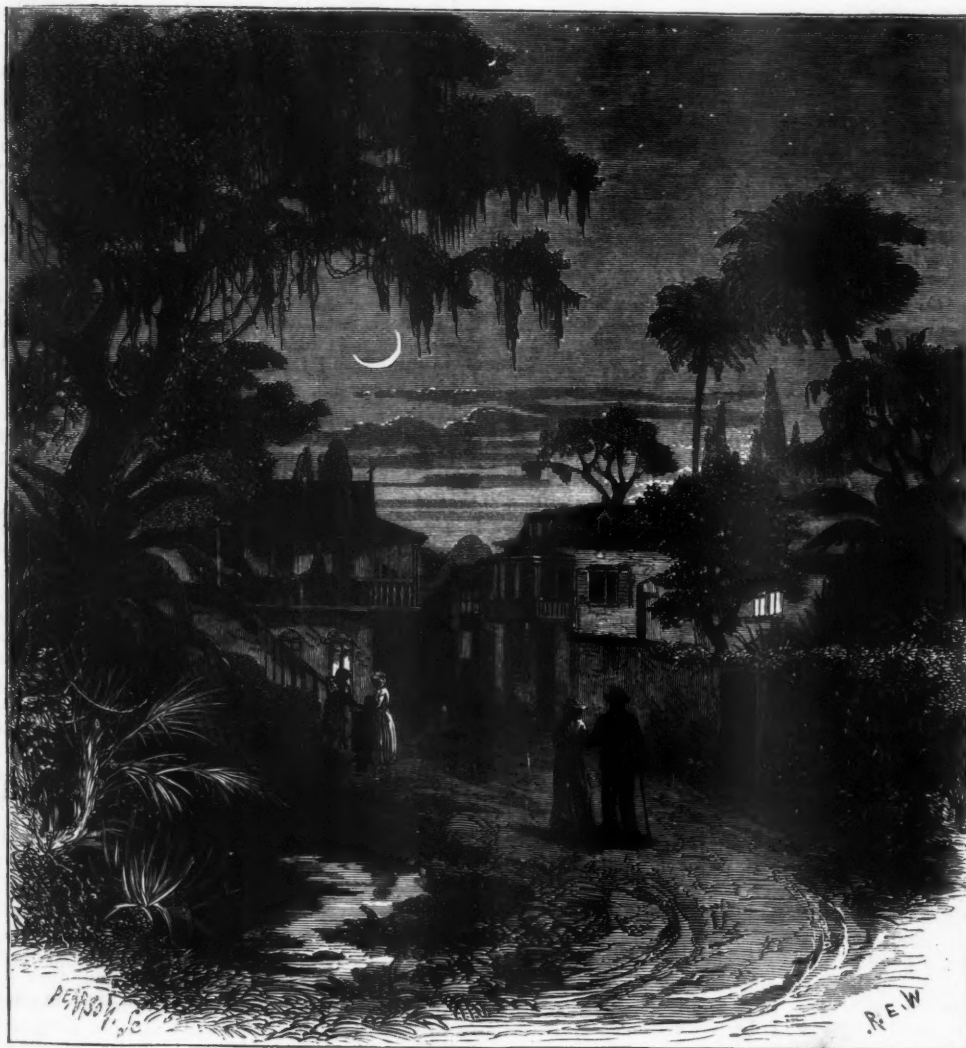


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



A STREET IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

STEPHEN MITCHEL:

A FLORIDA STORY.

CHAPTER V.

"NOW I have the whole story." This was the abrupt announcement with which I interrupted Mr. Stanley as he sat reading, when I returned from my visit to Stephen Mitchel.

"The whole story" he said, looking up very good-naturedly from his book; "that is something. It

often costs us lawyers a good deal of work to find out."

"Well," I answered, rapidly, thinking how much after all there was that I did not know, "I don't mean just that, but enough of it to make me want to know the rest. I think you'll say it's about the most interesting case you ever took hold of."

"I have no wish to take hold of any case," he said, very decidedly. "I thought one object in coming to Florida was rest."

No. 1400.—OCTOBER 26, 1873.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Oh, of course; and this is not in the way of business at all. Wait until you hear."

"I am all attention, only remember I am ordered to Florida to vegetate."

"It looks like it," I could not help saying, glancing at the piles of books that lay around his chair; "but here's the story." Then I told him all Steve had told me, and gave him, with as much of the pathos as I could retain, parts of the letter. When I had finished I was not a little moved. I supposed he would be too, but to my surprise he only said, "I decline to retain the case."

"Decline! decline!" I repeated, indignantly; "there is no such thing as declining. Don't you see that it was John Somebody who took the money, and not Steve, and that this fine young man is going to die, and two lives be made miserable, because there is no one to clear him from a false accusation?"

There was a half smile on his face which made me at once see the mistake I had made.

"What does it matter?" half laughing myself. "A good Irishism like that is worth making, if you stumble into it as innocently as I did. Don't you suppose I know, if he dies, only one life can be made miserable?" I do, and it's rather a small way for you to take to rid yourself of doing a kind and generous act."

"But, my wife," he said, and now he spoke very soberly, "I do not know how accurately you have stated the facts to me. You know this is not one of your strong points where your feelings are touched, but my impression is, without giving the case any study, that your young man is guilty, and that the best way for him to recover would be to make a clear conscience of it as soon as possible, by refunding the money."

For a moment my indignation passed all bounds; but he is precisely the man with whom it is no sort of use to be angry, so I turned abruptly on my heel and left the room. "He will repent and call to me pretty soon," I said; "I can wait." So I sat down on the verandah under the perfume of the orange blossoms, and waited. Now and then I stole a glance through the open window into the room where he was sitting. The big Russia-covered book was in his hand again, and he looked as intently interested as if there was no such dying person in the world as Stephen Mitchel.

"Will!" I called at length, growing too nervous to wait any longer, "are you hunting up my case in that book?"

"Not a bit of it," he said, cavalierly; "I am reading about the laws of administration. Shall I give you a page?"

"But, Will, that doesn't help me, and I am so sorry for poor Steve."

"So am I. He had better confess; it is the straightest and most honourable way. At least he will die the easier."

"How can you? I do think the profession of law turns a man's heart into stone. Can't you see, don't you feel, that he is as innocent as you or I?"

"I neither see nor feel it."

"William Stanley, I am ashamed of you!"

"I am very sorry for it; it must be an uncomfortable state of feeling towards your liege lord, but it is too late now for you to help it."

"Don't be foolish. That is wandering from the subject. What I want is your help."

"I regret, Mrs. Stanley, that I cannot give it."

"Then I will take the matter into my own hands and see it through, if I go North to attend to it." I spoke up testily.

"All right!" he said, with a provoking smile; "and if you succeed in proving Stephen Mitchel innocent of that theft, I will admit you as third partner into our firm."

"I decline to be a candidate for the place," I said. "When I enter into another partnership, it will be with a man who will shield the innocent and convict the guilty."

I must confess that the only answer I received was an amused laugh, in which, with ill success, I tried not to join, but I could not help just a little sound as I shut the door between our rooms, and at once arranged my writing materials.

While I had been sitting in the piazza waiting to have Steve's fate decided as far as my husband was concerned, I had made this plan. If he was obstinate and really would not take the case, then I would write to Mr. Bond, and make a few leading inquiries. My letter should be a model of prudence; perhaps something might be elicited from his reply that would open a door. I was the more willing to do this because my husband had been strictly enjoined not to work, and there was no telling into how much this might lead him before it was through. But to write the letter I found a far more difficult task than I had supposed. After an hour I produced the following:

"Mr. Bond,—Dear sir,—I hope you will excuse the liberty which an entire stranger takes in writing you upon what may, I suppose, be considered strictly confidential business. I find my excuse in the interest I take in a young man, Stephen Mitchel. He has told me the whole of his sad story, and I feel quite sure that he is a perfectly innocent man. He is a dying man, too, and he is dying, not from disease but from the worry occasioned by this unfortunate affair. My husband is an experienced, and I think I may add, a successful, criminal lawyer, and if he were put in possession of the facts in the case by you, we might receive important aid from him. Mr. Mitchel speaks of your kind consideration for him with touching gratitude, but it is the bitterest drop in a very bitter cup that you think him guilty—at least, so he suspects. He cannot live much longer, and therefore all we do for him must be done at once. Under these circumstances, I need not request that you will let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. By thus doing you will much oblige,

"Yours respectfully,

"CATHERINE STANLEY,
"St. Augustine, Florida."

I sealed the envelope, then began the other letter. This was to be even shorter than the first, and did not cost me a thought. It was this:

"My dear Miss Ripley,—As I am Mr. Mitchel's friend, I do not feel that I need apologise for sending you this note. I am sure you will want to know just how he is, and a little about his surroundings.

"He has a charming room in the very pleasantest part of this charming old town, and a nurse who takes as good care of him as if he were her own son. I think everything is done for his comfort and restoration that can be, away from his friends. I wish I could send you a more flattering account of his health, but, indeed, he is very sick. You see he has told me all about you; that is why I write as I do. You are quite right in your desire to be with him; he needs

you very much. If you can by any possibility come, come direct to me (we are keeping house here, and have a room for you), and I will *chaperone* you, so that everything will be correct. I will not write any more, for I feel only too keenly that I am an entire stranger to you, and that you may possibly regard this note as an unwarrantable intrusion. I beg you will not do so. In cases of severe sickness, like this of your friend, it seems to me sensible people need not stop for trifles of ceremony; but, at any rate, in whatever light you may view it, I hope it will be a solace to you to know that Mr. Mitchel has warm friends here, who are doing all they can for his recovery and comfort.

"Truly yours,

"CATHERINE STANLEY."

Both of these letters I laid, sealed, upon the parlour table, near which my husband sat. He would take them to the office, and he might, or might not, ask me a question about them. I was not a little anxious as to the result.

When the mail was in he took them up, glanced at them carelessly, smiled, put them in his pocket, and went out without a word.

"He does not relent," I said to myself; "but I can't help it. I, at least, have done all I can."

Then I went for my evening call on Steve, dreading it as I went. Suppose he should ask me what my husband said, and if there was any hope, what could I tell him? But the events of the morning had so exhausted him, there was no danger. Theresa saw me coming, and met me at the door. "He's very low, ma'am," she said, sinking her voice and showing a great deal of the whites of her eyes; "pears as if he couldn't last long."

"Oh, Theresa," I answered, "I am so sorry to hear it. This morning was too much for him."

"Pears so, ma'am. Yer see, he hain't got much breathing left, and he tires mighty easy like. P'raps dat doctor better come for to see him, though it aint much use; he's dat bad, a maracle couldn't hardly save him."

"I'll go for the doctor," I said, turning slowly away. "He may order some little thing that will revive him."

Before I had gone many steps, Theresa came running after me. "He wants you dis minute," she said.

The call was so peremptory I hurried back, and went, almost trembling, to his room; but he was lying quietly on the sofa, and looking up, said, with a smile, "Don't go; you are better for me than all the physicians in St. Augustine; I am only tired—very tired. Did you bring your work?" I took mine out of my pocket; indeed I had learned never to go without it. "Yes," he said, as soon as he saw it, "that is right; now if you will sit down in a rocking-chair, where I can see you, and work, it will be like home; I am homesick to-night!"

There I sat silently working until it was so dark I could not see to take a stitch. The first part of the time he kept his eyes fixed upon me almost without moving them; oh, what great, hungry, pitiful-looking eyes they were! the tears would keep blinding my own every time I saw them. By-and-by he fell asleep, a sweet, quiet sleep, in which I noticed his breathing became longer and more regular. "That shows," I said to myself, "how nervous the disease is; the moment the nervous system is quieted by

sleep, that moment the sighs of trouble are softened, almost lost;" and my courage grew strong on the instant.

The slumber was so long and unbroken, and I so fearful that any movement of mine toward going would awaken the tired sleeper, that it was quite late when I returned home. I met Mr. Stanley on his way to look me up.

"So you have been discussing this case with the plaintiff until you forgot the hour, have you?" he asked, a little derisively.

"I am happy to say," I answered, quietly, "that neither of us have spoken one word for the last two—"

"Is he worse?" he asked at once, and I thought a little anxiously.

"No, not materially, but very much exhausted by his conversation with me this morning. Poor fellow, my heart aches for him!"

"You have a heart that aches very readily for others' woes," he said, kindly. How mortified I felt for the almost hard feelings I had had towards him that day.

"Somebody must have aches, I suppose," I answered lightly; "it may as well be me as the next; but I am not half so sympathetic as you give me credit for, it is only because I can't bear to see any one suffer; it's a physical shrinking from distress."

"Perhaps so; but Kate, seriously, I don't want to trouble you or the sick man, but if you have any influence over him, and he is going to die, you had better see to it that he makes everything square before he goes. I saw you had written letters to some of his friends—there was no positive harm in it, neither will there come the least good; I don't want you disappointed, that's all."

"I shall not be, thank you," I said, with a little ring of triumph in my voice he perceived; "at any rate, my way is to try, not to sit down and rest on a foregone conclusion."

"My conclusion, I am sorry to say, was not foregone," he answered; "it was based on my long experience in such matters. Mr. Bond seems to be an unusually kind man; he will write you courteously, and there the matter will end."

"It will not end," I said, decidedly. "I shall push it through."

"That will be easily done, only with a very different result from what you anticipate," said the lawyer.

"Very well, I shall hope for the best."

"And be prepared for the worst," he added.

What a beautiful night it was through which we were walking home. The streets of the little city are unlighted; so above us, but nearer, far nearer than even in Italy, the great solemn stars looked down through the transparent night air, with a brilliancy that shone from the glossy orange leaves on our path, throwing into shade the delicate flowers half hidden beneath them. We stopped to listen; mocking-birds sang their rich notes more plaintively beautiful as all other sounds were hushed. Fire-flies darted under and over the broad palmetto shrubs, revealing for an instant the long, narrow spikes, then leaving them again to their thick darkness; great live oak-trees reached out, it seemed, almost interminably into the unseen spaces around them, and pride-of-India-trees shook down their bevy of sweet blossoms, with a reckless prodigality unknown in daylight, upon our heads. Perfumes of innumerable flowers, which the hot sun drieth up ruthlessly,

poured themselves out to the gentle star-light, and voices of countless insects sang rhythm and tuneful melody to it all.

"This is a Florida night," I said, softly; "a St. Augustine night. Strange there can come death, and sin, and sorrow into such a world as this."

"Say rather," my husband answered, "how wonderfully God adjusts His means to His ends; how He spreads all this beauty here to draw parting souls to the enjoyment of that tearless celestial city, toward which their feet walk timidly."

CHAPTER VI.

OF course I waited impatiently for the answers to my letters. Would they come at all? What did I know about Mr. Bond—what about Ruth Ripley? And yet I had written them with as little hesitation as if I had been acquainted with them all my life. Two weeks was the time generally allowed for a letter to reach a Northern destination and be answered, but in twelve days I took the following from our office:

"My dear Mrs. Stanley,—I cannot find words in which to thank you for your kind letter to me. If you only knew the weight it has lifted off from my heart to think there is some one in St. Augustine who will care for my friend. It is so dreadful to have him away from me, sick and suffering—perhaps dying. The painful images that haunt me day and night, I do not know how I bear them, and yet retain my senses!

"Come to him! Indeed I would, let the consequences here be what they may. But how can I if he expresses no such wish—indeed, positively forbids it? He would not even let me write him, he said, until his name was cleared from the foul blot that was resting upon it. His life should be wholly disconnected with mine; he bade me go free from every engagement that bound him to me; sternly and utterly refused to listen to me when I pleaded that everything should remain as it was between us—as if I did not know that he was innocent! As if it was not double death to me to have things as they are!

"Oh, do be kind to him! do let me hear just how he is. Is he dying? Who cares for him? Is he very, very sick? and I'm not there! I know I cannot bear this much longer; we shall both die! Cannot you persuade him to let me come? I depend upon you. I will leave the very hour after you send for me. I don't mind the distance; I can come easily. Do telegraph for me; I shall listen every moment for the footstep of the messenger that shall bring me your telegram. You will send, I know you will, for you are good and kind, or he would not have trusted you.

"Pray forgive this, I write hurriedly; it is not a half-hour since your letter came, but I feel so sure there is no time to be lost, and you are so far off.

"Respectfully and gratefully yours,

"RUTH RIPLEY."

"Poor Ruth! Poor Ruth!" I exclaimed, as I finished reading the letter, "how I wish I could do so, I would telegraph before another five minutes were over; but it is better to wait until I hear from Mr. Bond, he must write soon."

I hesitated whether to show Miss Ripley's letter to Steve; I had told him I had written her, and he seemed grateful, but whenever I had ventured to

propose her coming to St. Augustine, he had decidedly objected. He would be excited and worried over this earnest appeal, and it was so necessary to keep him quiet. Always accustomed to consult with my husband upon any doubtful point, I missed him, for he had said to me several times since my letters went, when I was wondering over the probability of an answer, that "this was my affair, and not his; and that really he hadn't any judgment about it;" so, after much doubt, I took my letter, determining to read it to Steve, omitting here and there, as prudence might suggest. But all my planning was useless. Steve took the letter from me, greedily, read and re-read it without a word of comment, then handed it back to me and said, with such a bright smile, "Didn't I tell you what a woman she is?"

"And you will let her come?" I asked, seeing how quiet and happy he was.

"By no means; if I am to die I want to spare her all the pain of those last dreadful hours. If I am not, it must be the name of a man not branded as thief that she bears. Why, Mrs. Stanley, do you think I would drag such an angel as that down into my ignominy? No, no; I love her far too well."

"You are wrong, wholly wrong," I answered, a little testily; "you men know nothing about woman or you would know the keenest suffering comes from separation, that disgrace—even death—is light in comparison."

"The separation began," he answered, "when the first shadow of a suspicion fell upon me. This is nothing; for that I am not responsible. It's a strange world, Mrs. Stanley; we seem to be the victims of accident, chance, happening, or whatever you please to call it. No, don't look troubled, I do believe firmly in a good, kind, loving God. But these accidents, or incidents, whichever you please to call them, that hurl a victim suddenly out of happiness and prosperity into misery and death, and for the happening of which they are in nowise responsible, make one feel as if—" he stopped abruptly—"I don't mean to complain," he said, gently. "It's all right, I hope I shall bear it to the end with patience."

"What we do not know now, we may know hereafter," I said. "There is a precious meaning in those words, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.'"

"And scourgeth every son," he went on. "You are too kind, Mrs. Stanley. You have no idea how rebellious I am, how it is killing me, but I try to feel right; I do believe I do"—speaking slowly and solemnly—"try to feel right. My mother was a Christian, and in heaven; if she knows anything about me, she knows how I try, and, thank God, she knows how innocent I am."

"There, stop talking," I said, for I saw he was becoming very pale and excited; "I have given you great licence. Good-bye; I am going out for a sail down the river. If you had not tired yourself so over the letter I would have taken you too."

"I am too tired," he said, sinking down upon the sofa; "but how kind and thoughtful you are."

Then I said "Good-bye" again, and joined Mr. Stanley, who, on the opposite side of the street, was waiting for me.

"I have engaged your favourite boat," said my husband, "and young Paretti to take us out; he is waiting for us. See there, the sails are out, and the wind is rising. We shall have a dash that will be spirited enough to please even you."

"Good," I answered, briefly. "But it would have

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been too windy for Steve, even if he had felt able to go. I have been showing him Miss Ripley's letter to me, and it has given me a new view of his character."

"He must be a many-sided young man," said my husband; "you are always getting a new view."

"He is. I grow more and more interested in him every day," I answered.

"Then where will you end?" with a merry laugh. "Come, leave him behind, and let us have a pleasant sail by ourselves. I like the young man well enough, but an overdose of anything is not after my taste."

"You are a wonder of patience and indulgence," I said, heartily; and, indeed, he was, for, I must confess, one of my failings is a great degree of absorption in whatever interests me. "There is Parcetti and his boat. How graceful the fellow is, as he moves about arranging the sail! What a picture this harbour makes, with the background of the island! It's like going into an enchanted land to set sail over such a sea. Just look at those negro boys in that little shell of a boat. How she dips! They cling like monkeys; hear them laugh; is there another sound in this world so musical as the laugh of a negro boy?"

SPANISH SKETCHES.

VI.—THE FAIR AND OTHER ADVENTURES.

IT was a lovely evening in the end of May that a whole party of us set out to see the "Gran Feria" [great fair] of Seville, for night is the time to see it to advantage. Our party consisted of Mrs. Gordon, myself, and some friends, amongst whom was a young couple that we all looked on with great interest, for we believed that under the orange groves, beside the Guadalquivir, "an old, old story" had been told and listened to not reluctantly. We had been staying for some time in Seville, and it was our wont in the cool of the evening to stray beside the silvery river, inhaling the delicious perfume of the orange blossoms, and resting on the benches that extended along the whole paseo (public walk).

On this particular night we were threading the narrow streets that led out of the city to the scene of action. Leaving the town behind us, we emerged into a wide walk, down which crowds of people were swarming, all bound for the fair, which is the largest in Spain—in fact, quite a yearly festival, and to which people come from far and near.

The fireworks, which were on a gigantic scale, showed off to advantage against the azure sky. This was the last night of the Feria, and the night most worth seeing, we were told.

It was a gay, animated scene; the three lines of tents extended for about two miles; the middle line belonged exclusively to the aristocracy and gentry, the looped-up curtains revealing brightly-lighted interiors, fitted up most handsomely, with luxuries of all sorts. In almost all of these, music, dancing, and card-playing were going on.

The tents on the left-hand side seemed to belong entirely to the gipsies, and those on the right to tradespeople and others of the middle classes.

"We must taste some of those far-famed *buñuelos*" [a cake the gipsies make], I said; "I believe they are delicious, though they are cooked in oil."

"Then I don't think they *can* be nice!" said one of our party, who was exceedingly English in his ideas. "They say," he continued, "that only the gipsies know the secret of making them, and have kept it strictly to themselves."

Just then we arrived at the gipsies' tents, in front of which groups of *gitanas* (gipsies) were gathered round large cauldrons which contained a sort of batter, which they were incessantly stirring with long wooden spoons; this was afterwards put into a pan and fried with oil.

We were not long allowed to remain spectators of these proceedings, but were speedily accosted by a gipsy woman, who ushered us into a tent, and, placing us at a long table covered with a white cloth, put before us a huge pile of steaming *buñuelos*, which we all pronounced delicious.

"The señora will surely have her *buena ventura* [fortune] told before she goes," said the gipsy woman, coming towards me as we were about to leave the tent.

"I am settled already," I said; "you must ask the young lady over there."

The woman needed no urging; she had soon placed my young friend, Ellie Wallace, in a chair, and was telling her her fortune, looking not at her hand but in her face.

Of course she had two lovers, one dark and one fair; of course she would be rich and happy, "but," she added, as a finishing stroke, "*Hija de mi corazón*" [daughter of my heart]—a very favourite term with gipsies—"you cast off your lovers like old shoes," at which speech we all laughed heartily, though poor Ellie looked sadly discomfited.

By the time Ellie's fortune was told quite a crowd had gathered round us, and were listening eagerly. The gentlemen of our party, whose male curiosity made them wish to know their future, retired behind a screen for privacy, but as the partition was thin, we had the benefit of all that was said, and enjoyed a good laugh over it.

As we once more sallied forth into the open air bands of music were playing, and we seated ourselves under the trees and listened to it, till a distant clock striking eleven reminded us that it was time for respectable people to seek repose, so we bade farewell to the pleasant scene, and wended our way home, and thus ended our last and only day at the Feria.

* * * *

"You see, dear, Dick evidently wishes you to go with me, and thinks it will do you good. Here is his letter; you can see what he says about it."

The words were spoken by my cousin, as we were seated at our late breakfast in the *Fonda de Londres*, two or three days after the fair. That morning's post had brought two letters, which rather altered our plans. One was from my husband, saying that I need not hurry back to Madrid, as he had been summoned to the north of Spain on business. The other was for Mrs. Gordon, from some relations of ours who lived in Lisbon, urging us to come and pay them a visit before returning to Madrid. My cousin had, without my knowledge, written to my husband, insisting on my going with her, and it was the reply to this that we were now discussing.

"I rather thought of taking you to Lisbon with me before this letter came, which has made all easy, and I wrote to Dick to see if he would be willing to let you go," said Mrs. Gordon, rather guiltily. "You see they mention some steamer leaving Cadiz to-

morrow morning; I think we must try and catch it; it will be less tiring and less expensive than thirty-six hours of railway, and there may not be another for a week or more."

Thus urged Mrs. Gordon, and seeing my husband wished me to go, I made no further objections. We started that afternoon, and the sun was setting behind the distant hills as our train slackened speed, preparatory to stopping at Cadiz.

The glistening white city and the blue bay were gilded by its last crimson rays, and many a snowy sail was tipped by the same rosy touch. As we drove along the narrow street leading to our *fonda*, we were quite invigorated by the breeze wafted from the ocean, and almost sorry to come to an end of our drive.

On arriving at the hotel we found the *table d'hôte* was over, but we were quickly served with a simple repast which suited our taste better than the long dawdling *comida*.

A lady and gentleman who, like ourselves, had arrived late, were seated at the other side of the table, and we soon found out by their conversation, that they were English. The lady was young and very handsome, but her husband appeared to be an invalid.

"I will now go to Mr. Jenkinson and inquire about this boat," said my cousin, as we rose from table.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the gentleman, who had risen, and was politely holding the door open for us, "I think I heard you mention some steamer; do you know of any going this week to Lisbon? I have been making inquiries, and am told that the boat has already started. I was very anxious to catch it, as it was going to London, where I am bound on important business; it only touches at Lisbon."

"I think there must be some mistake. I can hardly believe it has already left," replied my cousin. "However, I am now going to inquire about it at the agent's office. Would you like to come with me?" she added.

Mr. Craik (for such was the name of the gentleman) gladly assented to this proposal, and they set out, leaving Mrs. Craik and myself to make acquaintance with each other. They returned very soon, saying that they could get no information about the steamer, as Mr. Jenkinson was out, but the clerk believed it had already started. Here was a dilemma.

After consulting as to what should be done, we resolved to go early next morning to Mr. Jenkinson's own house (as the office was not open till ten o'clock a.m.), and try and find out if the boat had already left. So we retired to our rooms, requesting to be awakened at dawn next morning. It may easily be imagined that, in the state of doubt in which we were, we did not get much sleep, but every moment were starting up to look at our watches. At half-past six o'clock we were dressed and ready to start; and after giving orders to the porter to bring our luggage down to the quay, we set out on our disagreeable errand. A quarter of an hour's brisk walk brought us to our destination, and after ringing for some time a cross voice called through the grating, "*Quien es?*" [Who is it?]; and on our giving the usual answer of "*Gente de paz*" [peaceable people], we were admitted very reluctantly.

"But what do the señores want at this early hour?" asked the sleepy-looking servant-man.

"It is not so very early," replied Mr. Craik, rather sharply; "we must see your master immediately."

"Impossible, señor!" exclaimed the man, lifting up hands and eyes, "the señor is in bed."

"No matter, we must see him," was the answer.

For some time the lad refused to bring up our message, but was finally bribed to do so, by having two pesetas (equal to a franc) slipped into his hand.

Angry voices were audible as we stood in the hall, impatiently awaiting Mr. Jenkinson. "I fear we have no chance of catching this boat if we don't go soon," said Mr. Craik; "but here he is," he added; "you speak to him, Mrs. Gordon; he knows who you are."

"Well, Mrs. or Miss Gordon, or whatever your name is, what do you mean by coming to disturb people at this unearthly hour of the morning?" were the rough words with which we were accosted by a stout, ill-tempered looking man, whose bleared eyes and bloated face led one to think that he had retired to rest in no very sober mood. "A queer thing, this!" he continued in a bullying, ungentelemanly manner, and using a good many oaths—"a queer thing, this, to bring a man out of his bed just to know about some confounded steamer, so my man tells me."

Seeing the state he was in, Mrs. Gordon took no notice of his language, but merely asked all particulars in a calm and dignified way, which I am sure must have made Mr. Jenkinson rather ashamed of himself, for he informed her, as politely as he could, that the boat, which was some way from shore, was to start at ten o'clock that morning, but that it would receive no more passengers. More than this he would not tell us, and as we left the house we felt how frail was our chance of getting taken on board, even should we reach the steamer in time.

"Shall we try for it?" we asked each other. "Is it any use?"

After briefly consulting together, we determined not to be baffled, and speedily securing a boat, we offered the man double fare if they brought us to the steamer in time.

"We will do our best, señores," they answered; "but the sea is rough, and the wind dead against us."

At last we were fairly off, our bark dancing over the white breakers, and the bright city gradually becoming hazy in the distance. We fully expected every minute to catch sight of the Cantabria (our steamer), and were much dismayed to learn from our boatmen that it would take two hours' hard rowing to bring us alongside of her. "The sail is no use to us," they added, "as the wind is contrary, otherwise we could get there in half the time." And now it began to be unpleasantly rough, the waves dashed over us, wetting us to the skin, and threatening at times to swamp our frail bark. In spite of the time of year being so warm, we were actually shivering with cold as we ladled the water out of the boat with our hats, or anything we could get hold of. "That is the vessel!" said one of the men at last, pointing to a steamer faintly discernible in the distance, "they are letting off steam, which shows they are about to start. *Vamos, señores*, we had better go back, we shall never catch it!" This, however, we would not hear of, and the boatmen very reluctantly resumed their oars.

Nearer and nearer we approached the vessel, in spite of the waves, which at times threatened to make an end of us. At last we were actually beside

her, and were asking for a ladder to mount by. "What do you want?" called a voice from the deck; "we are just weighing anchor; no more passengers will be admitted."

"No matter, I *must* see the captain," cried Mrs. Gordon, frantically; "I want to speak to him."

"Oh, if the *señora* has a message for the *Señor Capitan*, that is different," said the same voice; and a ladder was let down, up which Mrs. Gordon and I ascended, leaving our fellow-travellers in the boat till they should know the result of our interview.

The captain, a bluff, rough-looking Englishman, with a weather-beaten face and portly frame, soon made his appearance. "Can't take any more passengers on board, ladies—sorry for it; you must go back again."

"Surely you *cannot* refuse to take us after all the trouble we have had in getting here?" said Mrs. Gordon, piteously.

"Have you any papers? Without them I *cannot* receive you. There is a quarantine on account of the cholera, and we have express orders to receive *no one* without sanitary papers."

"We have none," said Mrs. Gordon, despairingly; "we knew nothing about it; but surely we can keep out of the way when the officers of health come on board; our friends are for London," she added.

"There is no difficulty about *them*," replied Captain Ripton; "but really, ladies, I dare not take *you* on board;—if I do I am liable to a very serious fine, which, perhaps, you are not aware of."

"I will take the responsibility on myself," pleaded my cousin. "If there is anything to pay, I will willingly stand good for it; but I don't think there will be."

The fact is, the sea had now become so tempestuous that we dreaded returning in the frail boat we had come in, and this made Mrs. Gordon plead our cause with increased fervour.

Captain Ripton went down to the cabin for a few minutes, from whence he returned, bringing up an armful of papers, which he examined, and finally agreed reluctantly to take us on board.

"But for your valiant efforts, I feel sure we should have had to return as we came," said Mr. Craik to my cousin, as we sat under the awning of the deck, watching the city of Cadiz gradually fade away in the distance. Soon, however, a very heavy sea obliged us to retire to our berths, where we remained most of the time we were on board. The weather was exceedingly rough, and the vessel, which was only for merchandise, had but scanty accommodation for poor sea-sick passengers, while the continued thud of the screw seemed to aggravate our miseries. Instead of the thirty-six hours we had expected, we had forty-eight, owing to a contrary wind, during which time we underwent all the horrors of sea-sickness.

It was on the second morning after we had set sail that Mrs. Gordon burst into the cabin, exclaiming, "Make haste and dress, Lucy, dear; Lisbon is in sight, and really the view is splendid! The officers of health have just come on board, and the captain says we must remain below till they have taken their departure. By the time you are dressed they will have gone."

"I feel too ill to enjoy anything," I said, mournfully. "I only want to lie quiet and rest."

"Nonsense! my dear," said Mrs. Gordon, most

unsympathisingly; "the fresh air will do you a world of good. As for me, I am quite hungry, and have ordered breakfast; shall I bring you some?"

"Breakfast!" I exclaimed, with a wry face. "No, thank you; I don't think I shall ever be hungry again!"

Mrs. Gordon only smiled an unbelieving smile, and enjoined me to make haste with my toilet, which was soon completed.

Certainly the view *was* splendid. We had just entered the mouth of the river, and were leaving the angry breakers behind us. The mouth of the Tagus is in this part six or seven miles wide, so that it has more the appearance of a bay. Its sides are hilly and beautifully wooded, studded here and there with picturesque little villages. Lisbon was just discernible, nestling against the hill-side, its spires and domes relieving the intense blueness of the sky.

"I wonder if there will be any one to meet us?" I said to my cousin, as we sat on deck watching the scene before us.

"Probably not," said Mrs. Gordon, "as our boat is twelve hours late; and I believe we shall have some delay in getting through the custom-house. If our friends are there they can get us through easily, as they know the officials."

Boats were now surrounding the steamer to bear off any passengers for Lisbon; so, bidding farewell to our fellow-travellers, we took our departure, and soon found ourselves in the custom-house.

It was early, and there was really nobody there, so we flattered ourselves we should get off easily. A delusive hope, indeed!

After waiting some time, a merry-looking official made his appearance and proceeded to examine our luggage. "We have nothing to declare," said Mrs. Gordon, as he began to unlock my trunk.

"No matter, lady, I must see that for myself, else what are we here for?" he asked, in a flippant tone of voice, evidently relishing his task.

Accordingly my poor box was thoroughly ransacked and all its contents rudely thrown upon the floor, while my tormentor commented on each article of clothing as he took it out and asked what it was for. Card-board boxes, containing cuffs and collars, were pulled open and tossed about. When he came to my handbox his admiration of its contents knew no bounds. "What a pretty bonnet! Does the young lady know the Portuguese for it? Here the ladies wear bonnets like you English; in Spain they wear the mantilla. For my part, I prefer bonnets, they are more becoming." Several times I endeavoured to stop his impertinence, but not knowing the language, it was useless, and I had to sit on a bench, burning with indignation, as I saw him twist and turn my poor little bonnet about on his dirty hand. "Well, I have finished with *your* things," he said at last, with a sigh of regret, as he left all my finery tossed about on the dirty floor—muslins, silks, etc., *pêle-mêle*.

"There is nothing in mine more than you have seen in my cousin's," remonstrated Mrs. Gordon; "do let us go, we have had a bad passage, and are very tired."

"Patience, patience, lady; I must do my duty," said our imperturbable friend, as he rummaged Mrs. Gordon's trunk mercilessly, as he had done with mine.

We thought we were at last free to go, when, as he came to the bottom of the trunk, he alighted

on a packing-case containing a model of the "Lions' Court" of the Alhambra, which my cousin was bringing home to a relation of ours. "What is this?" asked our tormentor, suspiciously.

We informed him what it was.

"Well, I must see it," he said; "you will have to pay duty on it."

"I will willingly pay whatever you ask, if only you will let us go," said Mrs. Gordon, wearily, in the best Portuguese she could muster.

"Patience, lady, patience, all in good time!" and with the most exasperating *sang froid* the official commenced forcing our poor little box open with a chisel he had called for.

After some trouble he succeeded, and holding it up in both hands, exclaimed, turning to the officials and porters standing about idle, "Come, all of you, and look at this; this is worth seeing."

Soon there was quite a crowd inspecting our little model, and commenting upon its virtues.

"Why did not the lady get a painted one while she was about it?" said one.

"I wonder how much it cost?" said another.

When everybody's curiosity was quite satisfied it was put back into its case, and Mrs. Gordon insisted on its being repacked as they found it.

After spending three good hours in the custom-house we were at last released, and as we got into the carriage which was to convey us to our friend's house, Mrs. Gordon said, "Well, I have often heard that *paciencia* is the Portuguese watchword, and now I believe it."

Here, then, our Spanish adventures end; and with this history of our landing on the Lusitanian shores we bid farewell to our readers.

BORJOM, IN THE CAUCASUS.

BORJOM is the summer court residence of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaïevitch, brother of the Emperor of Russia, and his Majesty's Imperial Lieutenant in the Caucasus. Borjom is resorted to for its mineral waters, but as a spa is of less repute than Pyatigorsk. Michaelovo is the nearest station on the Poti-Tiflis line. When I arrived in the Caucasus, in 1875, Michaelovo was a small village of low wooden sheds and shops; now it has a row of fine stone-built houses, and the handsomest railway-station on the line, far superior to that of Tiflis. There being a considerable transport of merchandise from Michaelovo to Akhalzik, on the Armenian frontier, and of wood from Michaelovo to Tiflis, this place may increase in importance. But travellers seldom stop here for more than a few hours, to do justice to the cuisine of the station *restaurateur* while awaiting the phaeton, tarantass, or omnibus which is to convey them to Borjom, or beyond. The road from Michaelovo to Borjom is through a narrow defile, in which the River Kura flows, and from either side of which rise high hills covered with dense woods. Here and there pasture land or arable land intervene, and occasionally a hamlet is passed.

Half-way to Borjom is the post-station, where fresh relays of horses are supplied and coachmen changed. The road towards the river-side borders at times on a deep declivity, and, looking down it, a new-comer feels some surprise at the furious driving of the coachman, who urges the three horses abreast

to full speed, until the tarantass swings from side to side to a degree alarming to a novice. On emerging from the narrow defile into the deep little valley of Borjom, one sees to the right the residence of the Heraclius family, descended from the Czars of Georgia, and a little farther on Borjom itself appears to the left, the simple little church on the hill and the new caserne being most prominent. Then the road winds round between the garden of the Grand Duke, whose mansion is flanked by lofty wooded heights, and the river on the left, on the other side of which is the public garden.

A handsome bridge spans the Kura, and the aspect of Borjom from it is that of one of the pretty resorts of Switzerland. It is the most peaceful spot imaginable, and entirely belies fancied or preconceived notions that all Russian residence towns in the Caucasus are fortified military posts. There is in the summer a small Cossack encampment, and at all times a garrison of perhaps one hundred men. Just above where the Cossack tents are pitched is the ruined castle of Borjom. This ruin is not the only picturesque feature of the village, for from the cemetery, or from the hill on the caserne side, another old ruin is visible overlooking the Kura and opposite the farm of Baron Bach.

Borjom consists of about four hundred cottages and villas, a few of which are the property of his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke, but most of which belong to Russian settlers, or to Georgians and Armenians. There are some few Greeks, and one Pole is owner of a neat house. The rent of their houses during the summer is the chief source of income to the residents.

A few villas are country seats of wealthy Tiflis families, or of officials in the service of the Grand Duke. The principal hotel and several of the best villas are occupied by the staff and military guests of his Highness, and all officers who pass the summer at Borjom are there as such. Every day at five o'clock a covered Irish car, with seats for about twenty, and other carriages, convey to the palace from the hotels and villas his Highness's suite and visitors.

The Grand Duke generally arrives at Borjom with his family in May, and remains until the middle of September, but sometimes removes with his court to the Crimea, where his august consort, the Grand Duchess Olga Féodorovna (*née* Princesse de Bade), possesses a country seat, Ai-Todor, near Yalta, and in the vicinity of Livadia, the seat of the Empress.

Although Borjom is not infested with tourists furnished with modern appliances for travelling—alpenstocks, havresacks, etc.—yet you may see there as gay an assemblage of fashionable ladies as at any equally small place in Europe.

Russians, like Americans, think nothing of long journeys, and, as far as expense goes, often can make them with a family, live in Europe for three or six months, and return home, at a smaller outlay than would be occasioned by moving with their household from one town to another a day's journey distant, for the same length of time; such is the immense outlay for carriage hire and transport in some parts of the Russian empire. Not only the Russian, but the Georgian, Armenian, and Persian residents of the Caucasus often make trips to Europe, as do all the principal tradesmen of Tiflis every year to buy goods. And so all that is fashionable and useful is brought into Asia from Europe, and the newest hats and

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dresses figure on the promenade and in the ballrooms at Borjom, Tiflis, and Koutais.

Twice a week a military band plays in the evening. Picnics take place frequently, favourite spots for them being the Woronzov Park, the Tchorney Retchka (river), or the wood through which the Borjomka runs. But the principal pleasure of the Grand Duke and his guests is the chase, and hunting parties often

go out under his Highness's conduct to stalk the chamois, wild boar, or game. Bears venture sometimes to within a short distance of Borjom; only the year before last one was shot near by.

Excursions of interest may be made from Borjom; there are numerous ruins, and the botanist will find on the hills many rare plants. The Alpine rose is very common here.

J. S. M.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S SUMMER RESIDENCE IN THE CAUCASUS.

UTOPIAS, OR SCHEMES OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

X.—PROUDHON'S CRITICAL SOCIALISM.

THE following memorial was sent in by a youth of humble means to the trustees of an exhibition in the Academy of Besançon, in 1837:—"Born and reared among the working classes, attached to them by ties of affection, but chiefly by reason of common sufferings and hopes, it would be my greatest joy if I were selected by the academy to work perseveringly, with the aid of philosophy and science, with all the energies of will and intellect, to bring about the physical, moral, and intellectual improvement of those whom I am glad to call my brothers and companions; to be able to spread among them the seeds of a doctrine which I regard as a moral law."

He received the exhibition, and three years later endeavoured to carry into effect the promise thus given by publishing another memorial, written on the theme proposed by the academy—"On the Economic and Moral Results of the Law of Equal Division of Property among children produced

hitherto and likely to be produced in the future of France," under the title, "What is property?" And the startling answer to this question is this: "Property is theft," an expression which, although not as original as Proudhon imagined, came with an air of originality upon the astonished world then, and has since become the key-note of subsequent socialistic utterances. "I have nothing else on earth that I can call my own," remarks Proudhon, "except this definition of property; but I consider it as precious as the millions of Rothschild, and I venture to say that its discovery will be found to be the most considerable event in the reign of Louis Philippe."

Nevertheless, Proudhon is neither a socialist nor a communist; he is simply a sceptical economist. Communism, according to him, is only a caricature of property, the religion of despair. "Hence, away from me!" he exclaims, "ye communists, your presence is my horror, and the sight of you is my

disgust!" Socialism fares no better; it has been condemned long since by Plato and More in a single word—"Utopia: nowhere, chimera." . . . He despises Fourier and Louis Blanc, and speaks of the latter as colour-blind, both as to logic and political economy—"an inconsistent *doctrinaire*."

Louis Blanc had eloquently dilated on the "Organisation of Labour;" Proudhon can see nothing but startling contradictions in the practical application of economic laws, which he regards as the organisation of misery. He belongs to no political party in particular, and prides himself on the name of "Anarchist"—not because he loves anarchy, but because he despises all existing social laws. The enemy of every sect, the irreconcilable opponent of every system, he may be regarded as the destructive genius of Socialism, who judges without mercy, and condemns without pity every scheme advocated both by the apologists and opponents of our present social systems. He is the incarnate spirit of negative criticism, whose chief aim is denial and destruction. The study of social questions, which had inspired his predecessors with pleasing hopes and noble aspirations in the cause of humanity, lands Proudhon not in Utopia, but in the dreary desert of social scepticism and despair.

We feel in examining his writings that we have reached the last stage of pre-scientific Socialism—the era of decay in Utopian literature—the *critical period*. Proudhon forms the connecting link between the old order and the new, between empirical and scientific Socialism. If we give larger space to him than his name seems to merit, it is because we thereby may see how far socialistic speculation may lead, when separated from the lessons of history and the experience of life.

The nations of Europe had now undergone their full course of primary education in the three "R's"—the Revival of learning, the Reformation, and the Revolution. They had now reached that state of mental emancipation which comes with a riper age, and with it came the exercise of the critical faculty. Now Socialism, always moving with the times, and reflecting the advanced opinions of the age, had reached the same stage of development. Campanella and More, together with the socialists of a later date, were now on the point of being succeeded by the classic writers on Socialism belonging to the German school, the disciples of Hegel, and the critical philosophy of that country.

Proudhon, whose metaphysical studies had brought him into contact with the leading doctrines of this school of thought, thus serves as a connecting link between France and Germany, the ancient and the modern socialistic philosophy. True to his character of analytical critic, he takes for his motto the device, "*Destruam et reedificabo*." His aim is first to destroy and then to reconstruct society. The power of capital, and with it the props of society founded in property, the spiritual and temporal powers in Church and State, must be abolished. He is by no means as thoroughgoing in his reconstruction of the society of the future; its foundation is laid on a very uncertain basis, and its superstructure reared, if we may be allowed to speak figuratively, in a misty atmosphere, so that we cannot see clearly the outlines of his social architecture through the haze of metaphysical disquisition and obscuring clouds of logical contradictions. Justice, he maintains, is the first fundamental law of social philosophy, but justice demands

equality. Where there is private property there can be no equality, therefore private property must be abolished. "The man of property is a thief . . . it is Cain who kills Abel . . . a handit, a brigand, a pirate infesting land and sea, a vulture fixing his eyes on the prey, holding himself ready to pounce upon it and devour it," etc., etc.

Henceforth, with the abolition of private property there are to be no more rents to be paid to exacting landowners, no more interest to extortionate usurers; the land and capital are to be free, and production made easy and accessible to all. The workers of society are to be put into possession of the necessary implements of labour gratuitously, but the drones are to be extinguished, and the black mail levied by them on the industrial portion of the community, by whose exertions they exist, is to be levied no longer. But although the proprietors are to be dispossessed, possession is not to be done away with altogether. In fact, Proudhon "founded possession upon the ruins of property." Everybody is to possess an equal share in the soil and the instruments of labour, and is to be allowed not only to enjoy the produce of his own work himself, but also to bequeath it to his next heir. Only the accumulation of property is forbidden. Those who possess anything—and all will possess something in this society of the future—only hold their possession in trust, and not as absolute property. He dwells with emphasis on the fact that real property is not absolute, a fact brought out very prominently by Mr. T. E. Cliffe Leslie, as affecting landed property in this country at the present moment—viz., that "the land itself belongs by law to the State; the highest interest in it which any subject can possess is a tenure in fee under the Crown; nor can the Crown either create a higher estate or absolve the existing landowners of the condition of tenure."*

If we inquire how legalised possession and bequest on the one hand, and equality on the other, are to be reconciled, and all equitable arrangements in society are to be accomplished, Proudhon replies pretty much in the same style as Campanella. All economic measures of this sort requiring final settlement are referred to a section of the Academy of Sciences, or the lawyers who, "henceforth disengaged from the false principle of property, will describe new laws to pacify the world." These very learned men of the long robe he accuses of now desiring nought but "collecting proprietary rubrics and legalising theft." It implies a strong faith in their ultimate conversion to commit to them, conjointly with the aforesaid economic section of the Academy of Sciences, the regulation of the laws of possession and the redistribution of property which Campanella had entrusted to the Grand Metaphysician and his court of assessors. Again, if we ask how absolute equality can be maintained without any violation being done to natural inclinations, and without any interference with the freedom of will, he replies in the vague manner of Fourier. After the universal cataclysm of the Revolution, he says, "Order will reappear of its own accord in the midst of ruins; interests will adjust themselves to a proper equilibrium; and so social harmony will be finally realised."

This is a by no means satisfactory solution of a great practical difficulty. Proudhon, who could apply

* T. E. Cliffe Leslie, "Land Systems," p. 120, where this note is added: "The first thing the student has to do is to get rid of the absolute idea of ownership. Such an idea is quite unknown to the English law. No man is in law the absolute owner of lands, he can only hold an estate in them."—Williams on the Law of Real Property.

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most effectually the dialectical dissolvent of negative criticism to societies and systems generally, was not equally happy in formulating his own positive proposals for regenerating the world. He boasted, indeed, to have discovered a more powerful sign in the heavens than the Cross of St. Constantine, and, playfully noticing the similarity of the sign of the cross + with the mathematical plus sign, he remarks that this + was to be eclipsed by the = (the sign of equality), and that by this new sign he would conquer all the social difficulties and economic contradictions by which he saw himself confronted. But his method was as visionary and vague as probably was the miracle to which he thus ingeniously refers.

Of a similar unsubstantial character was the suggestion for a public credit bank, which he invites the capitalists to support, in order to save society.

Here loans are to be obtained without interest by enterprising labourers to assist them in the production of commodities, and so liberating them from their utter dependency on the disposers of capital. Here, too, as in the case of Robert Owen's "National Labour Equitable Exchange," all exchanges of commodities were ultimately to be effected by means of labour notes, so as to secure consumers and producers against the present evils of a vacillating standard of values and prices, and to eliminate gradually our wasteful and dishonest modes of barter and exchange, without cash payments and through the medium of wages, interest, and profit. Thus the values of commodities, no longer left to blind chances or dishonest inclinations of interested parties, are to be effected by authority. At the same time, inconsistently enough, Proudhon objects to the State monopoly of credit. Hence he wants this credit bank to be maintained by voluntary subscription, so that at last, by slow, gradual reduction of the rate of discount, no interest will be charged at all. In this manner he hopes to remove the evils of our present credit system, which he regards as one of the most obnoxious excrescences of capitalistic competition, confirming and consolidating the iron rule of the heartless plutocracy. The leadership of capital and the impotence of the labourer, without means to produce for himself independently, are, in the opinion of Proudhon, at the foot of all the distress among the working classes, and the cause of all the crying inequalities of society. The dissatisfaction engendered thereby requires a constantly increasing budget to cover the expenses of maintaining a strong body of police, armies, and other public functionaries, to keep the people in order. "The immense organisation of heightening the prices of circulating commodities in the shape of rent, fines, profit, discount, deductions, commission, premium privileges, monopolies, is accompanied and supported by a staff of police, an army, criminal courts, and even church establishments (a sort of spiritual police)—in a word, the *budget*. The consequences are parasitical excrescences, luxury, commercial anarchy, fraud, inequality of fortunes, pauperism, vagabondism, prostitution, theft, manslaughter, and murder; the palliations of this system are public benevolence, Christian love, and philanthropy."

Property thus secured and enjoyed at the expense of our less favoured brethren, in Proudhon's estimation, is no better than theft.

At the same time he guards himself in using this expression by the explanation that he does not accuse individuals here and there as thieves, but the whole

system of society founded on property, of which both those who possess property, and those who do not, are the unwilling victims. Whilst he thus characterises "The man of property, who as the exclusive master and absolute sovereign of any instrument of production, claims to enjoy the product of this instrument without himself using it," he also says in another place, "Even I and my publisher are thieves," as belonging to the class of speculators, or, in other words, conforming to the prevailing rules and customs of the commercial world. In answer to this Blanqui, his friend and apologist, reminds him that all the evils complained of may, indeed, arise from our system of conducting the world's business, but that to avoid these evils we must reform, not abolish, society; we must cure the disease, not kill the patient.

Such moderate counsels, however, were rejected by Proudhon. He wants another revolution, not a partial reformation. By a union of the proletarians and royalty he hopes to break the power of the moneyed classes, the hated *bourgeoisie*; and in doing so he anticipates Lassalle in advocating what is now called the project of "State Socialism," a project which at one time is said to have received the partial approbation of Prince Bismarck.

The moving principle of the future society is not to be, as now, egotism, but reciprocity. Further development in social morality and religious sentiment will lead to the recognition of the Divine law, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

This is to be the guiding rule of any future perfect or happy society. "If we had always remained true to this law of love, there would have been no rich and poor, happiness and labour would go together, society would have continued perfect. It is selfishness which destroys equality. Individualism must be displaced by the association of mankind. In a society where the law of reciprocity prevails, the slavery machines will be abolished, the crises of commerce will be avoided, competition itself will cease to be a curse, and monopoly even becomes a security for all. The necessity of mutual exchanges between one nation and another will establish a true solidarity of mankind, together with political and social equality. By means of a system of public education, an equality of capabilities, as well as of duties, will in course of time be developed, and so a society will arise renovated in its conscious power of justice, completeness, and virtue, and bearing within itself the promise of peace for future generations."

We may note the rapid change which has come over the mind of French socialists of the present day, who are by no means liable any longer to be allured by such dreams of social amelioration as were indulged in by the contemporaries of Fourier and Saint Simon. The subjects discussed and the speeches made at the Congress held early this year in Lyons,* were of no wild or visionary order. They might form subjects of consideration for the British Association and the Social Science Congress.

On the other hand the Socialist agitation of Proudhon and his contemporaries, connected as it was most intimately with the Revolution of 1848, has not been without some important and even beneficent

* The following were the subjects discussed on the occasion referred to:—1. Woman's work; 2. Trades unions and co-operative societies; 3. Industrial crises, strikes, and lock-outs; 4. Education (including technical); 5. Representation of workmen; 6. Insurance funds for the sick and superannuated; 7. The relation of agriculture and manufactures; 8. Vagrancy and vice in cities; 9. Boards of arbitration.

results indirectly. The very fact of awakening terror and dismay among the propertied classes of Europe led to the formation of many benevolent institutions and societies which had for their object the removal of just causes of discontent among the working classes.

Thus under the paternal government of Napoleon III the condition of the working classes was much improved, and the class-antagonism which had produced three revolutions ended in a temporary truce, so that both as to its internal as well as its external relations that astute ruler could say of his government, "The Empire is Peace."

In Germany the opposition to reactionary government and "functionarism" created a revolutionary storm, and with it an earnest desire among the higher classes to alleviate the condition of the poor by acts of private and public philanthropy. The cry for State-help was met by judicious encouragement of self-help, and kind-hearted sympathy came to the rescue of the struggling operatives, to save them from the allurements of socialistic agitation. If Proudhon had suggested, among other measures subversive of society, the creation of a central bank, with public credit, to assist the destitute operatives, Shultze Delitzsch, in his efforts to found credit banks and mutual credit societies, and in his noble-minded efforts to encourage co-operation (to the successful issues of which we hope to return on a future occasion), sought to supply the same need by less revolutionary, but more practical, means.

So, again, in England, the French social revolution of 1848 not only gave a new direction to Chartism,* but also roused into action that earnest band of Christian Socialists, with Maurice and Kingsley at their head, who, in their manly and reverent manner of writing, sought to awake interest on the part of the toilers of society. Thus, whilst contributing largely towards improving their condition, they were also successful in teaching them that Christianity is the true friend of the poor, and that the ideas of equality, liberty, and fraternity are, in their legitimate bearings, by no means irreconcilable with the teaching of the Christian Church.†

It is also owing to the exertions of these pioneers that the public mind has been diverted into that wholesome channel of legislative reform in favour of the poor which is the just pride and glory of this kingdom.

Such have been some of the indirect results of the socialistic revolution of 1848. Revolutions, like earthquakes, are productive of much mischief; not only producing cataclysms in the country where they occur, but also affecting distant lands wherever their vibrations are felt. Still, they are not productive only of unmixed evil; they have a purifying effect on society, just as, after the earthquake, upon the ruins of the shattered town a new Lisbon rose, more beautiful and perfect in all its parts, built on a more solid foundation. So, too, where consternation is produced in distant parts by the vibrations of the social earthquake, which cause the pillars of society to shake, there, too, the same causes produce caution and a very careful re-examination of the imperfect

foundation. Evil, disastrous, as were some of the results of these three great revolutions and their socialistic accompaniment which we have now considered in due order, they have also produced great and lasting effects for good, which may be productive of still greater benefits in the future. The nations of Europe have been taught that the foundations of social systems are not as secure as some would lead us to suppose; rulers have been warned to watch the signs of the times, and to think not only of repairing the walls, but, if needs be, to look to the foundation of the social edifice, with a view to strengthen and improve the society of the future.*

FLOWERS FOR THE DULL MONTHS.

AMONGST the many domestic arts and sciences that have made a notable progress during the last quarter of a century, the science of decorative floriculture, if we may so style it, certainly deserves a prominent rank. So greatly indeed has it advanced, especially during the last ten or fifteen years, that if we continue at the same rate, London will one day become as famous for its flowers as foreigners once used to say it was for the absence of them.

A stranger visiting London during the summer could hardly fail to carry away the idea that flowers are a striking feature in many parts of it. Public parks, villa gardens, florists' shops, hawkers' baskets, are all alike aglow with blossom. In the West End, where the improved floral taste of our London citizens becomes every day more apparent, flowers gleam in hundreds from conservatories, hanging-gardens, window-boxes, balconies, urns, baskets, and every other available space and spot. Nor is this all; the movement has extended itself to provincial towns and country gardens, where many a gorgeous floweret, of which our grandfathers never dreamed, now grows side by side with the homely favourites that for centuries have cheered the sturdy, though beauty-loving hearts of Englishmen.

Another especial manner in which this highly commendable taste has of late years displayed itself throughout England, has been in the Flower Show; not only one of the most fashionable assemblies of the day, but one of which it would be impossible to estimate all the beneficial results. Pages might be written on the subject, especially on the "Flower Shows for Working Men." Never will it be known, all the good that has been effected by instilling into the sensitive hearts and practical heads of our working classes a love for flowers. It is one of the best antidotes we have against the sting of the dragon of drink.

There is, however, one branch of flower-growing which hardly appears to have met with its due share of attention, and that is the cultivation of flowers for the dull months. "At present," says Mr. Fleming, in his "Spring and Winter Garden," "in almost every garden, the prevailing rule is to throw all the energy and resources of the establishment into making provision for the short season of summer. No one can deny that a well-filled garden, with a bright

* "The Revolution of Feb. 24th, 1848, in France, followed by a momentary triumph of Republican principles in that country, gave an immediate and enormous impulse to the Chartist agitation in England, and the more so because it occurred at a time when the working classes here were in a state of great suffering."—Molesworth, "Hist. Engl.," vol. II. p. 294.

† See prefatory memoir by Thomas Hughes in new edition of "Alton Locke," p. xxxiii, and *passim*.

* It will occur to many of our readers that the most effective and durable plans for the benefit of the working classes—whether as to moral or physical progress,—have been carried out in England by men like Lord Shaftesbury, who have drawn their practical wisdom from other sources than philosophy.

ED. L. H.

season, is beautiful. It is, however, soon over, and then comes a much longer space, with nothing to look upon but the black soil of the beds," etc. The justice of his remark is evident enough in the mournful contrast presented by our windows and gardens, from October to February, with their brightness during the other months of the year.

The equinoctial gales are over, autumn is on the wane, and winter looms before us. The leaves are falling fast, the geraniums and other bedded-out plants look hard and unhappy, the dahlias are dying off, the clematis turning black, the Virginian creeper is only a mass of twigs. The amateur houses his summer plants, tears up the remnants of his long-stalked seedling annuals, cuts down his clematis, ties his creepers into bundles, prunes his trees, and sweeps his paths. He repeats the latter operation until the last leaf has fallen, then digs over his beds, and his work is done. A few perennials—green or leafless as the case may be—stand erect in a wilderness of mould, but only to add to the dreariness of a scene often as desolate as any "Deserted Village" ever written about.

In many cases the same thing happens indoors, when as soon as the window-plants lose their leaves they are turned out into a back yard, to die of cold and neglect. No plants having been reared to ensure a succession, their place is supplied inside by artificial flowers stuck into ornamental pots, or some other monstrosity, and outside by a row of melancholy laurels, all soot, dust, and dinginess. That this state of things is not a necessity may be seen from the following list of plants, all of which may be grown, with many others, to enliven our houses or gardens during the dull months, ranging from October to February. We do not, of course, intend to imply that the whole of the window-plants enumerated can be raised in the ordinary warmth of a dwelling-house without further artificial heat. For many, however, even this will be sufficient, while for the rest the many ingenious little shifts and inexpensive contrivances resorted to by flower-growers, to whom money is an object and space not a superfluity, will be found to answer all the purposes of the forcing-houses, greenhouses, and stoves of the wealthy. It is astonishing what can be done by a Waltonian case, by an indoor plant-case, or even by a broken wineglass or cracked tumbler, where a comparatively trifling outlay is a consideration. No. 10 of the "Manuals for the Many," p. 35, gives an example of plants being reared in an old box, with a tin bottom for hot water. Any man with a little mechanical handiness could easily make himself one from the description.

OCTOBER.

The Garden.

This is the season for chrysanthemums, China and other asters, Michaelmas daisies, the hardier kinds of coreopsis, helenium, liatris squarrosa, several varieties of Rudbeckia, and, indeed, a large portion of the star family, including the tagetes glandulifera, a sort of shrub marigold; a deciduous variety of the baccharis, or ploughman's spikenard; two kinds of golden rod, and the Collinsonia anisata (the two latter are suitable for the backs of borders); crimson China rose, and the monthly blush rose; many species of fuchsia, especially the taller kinds; two varieties of phlox, and three of habranthus; blue salvia, gentian (in dry sandy soil), the scutellaria splendens, the acroclinium (everlasting), the sedum

Sieboldii, the scilla corymbosa, and the autumn crocus. Annuals: the blue tradescantia, the blue gilia, the pentstemon, the Tom Thumb nasturtium. The leptosiphon is an autumn plant, if the seeds are sown in spring, and *vice versa*. The Claytonia gypsophiloides in a peaty soil. The Arbutus Unedo grows well in many parts of England as well as Ireland, and produces in October and November its beautiful strawberry-like fruit. Besides these autumn plants (unless the weather sets in unusually cold), a large proportion of the summer flowers will bloom late into the month, especially dahlias, hollyhocks, sunflowers, etc. With regard to annuals, No. 6 of the "Manuals for the Many"—one of the most useful, as well as one of the cheapest, series of little books ever written—tells us that "if it were not for the labour, almost any annual would keep on blooming if the seeding were wholly prevented, and top-dressing and watering given." With professional gardeners, this "labour" would, of course, be next to impossible, but certainly the amateur who would find it so would deserve to be without these charming little additions to his autumn garden.

Among the window plants so large a proportion of the summer flowers are still in perfection, that it would be waste of time and space to particularise them. Almost anything will grow indoors in October.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

The Garden.

Chrysanthemums and the other asteraceæ remain till the end of November, in a mild winter even last into December; and we have also seen beds of hardy variegated stocks make a handsome show until Christmas. The black hellebore, or Christmas rose, flowers now, also the winter aconite, the chimonanthus, and the yellow jasmine, a very pretty trailer. The finer sorts of laurestinus bear an exceedingly handsome flower, one bunch being almost sufficient for a bouquet. Monthly roses will often bloom till Christmas, on sheltered walls. The arbutus and other red-berried shrubs vie with the holly in enlivening the shrubbery.

Window Plants.

A few geraniums, acacias, cinerarias, calceolarias, fuchsias, and other summer plants, will be sure to linger if care be taken of them. The crimson China rose (if kept back from June); anemones (single), if planted in February or March.

The stapelia, though not altogether desirable for those whose olfactory nerves are delicate; primulas; calendulas; epacris; sedum Sieboldii; dog's tooth violets, as pretty for their leaves as their flowers; the Guernsey and the Japan lily, if kept back; scarlet and blue salvias; blue lobelia; coronilla glauca; the cobæa scandens and clitoria, both climbing plants. Chinese pinks flower all the winter in a warm room. Certain plants of begonia, especially the begonia fuchsoides (an evergreen plant, bright scarlet); the jointed cactus; myrtles; heliotropes, if not permitted to flower in autumn. Almost any kind of bulb will flower now in the house. The tropæolum Lobbianum, if planted in a basket or hanging pot, and properly managed, by being nipped in spring, will bloom beautifully all the winter.

JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

The Garden.

Laurestinus, Christmas rose, winter aconite, yellow jasmine, hardy stocks, and chimonanthus, are almost the only floral beauties that venture out to welcome old Father Christmas in the garden. Hardly, how-

ever, has that venerable personage taken his departure than a host of little flowers awaken, one by one, and raise their pretty heads. White arabis, or wall-cress, snowdrops, crocuses, hepaticas, bulbocodiums, first appear, to be followed a little later on by wallflowers, violets, pansies, and early primroses. The almond-trees become a sheet of pink blossom, and the scarlet cydonia japonica and the ribes are covered with flowers. Clumps of pyrethrum, arranged as a border, are a great help in filling winter beds, for which variegated figwort is likewise very useful, also mouse-ear chickweed. The latter, if arranged to cover a bed, will be a mass of bloom in spring. If over the beds planted with spring bulbs a few saxifrages, sedums, and sempervivums are placed, they will serve the double purpose of enlivening the garden and protecting the bulbs from frost.

Window Plants.

The arum, or calla Ethiopica, an easy plant for winter window culture; the poinsettia, with its handsome scarlet bracts; azaleas and camellias (if there be room); primulas; spiræa; cacti; liliums; heliotropes and ageratums, if planted in June. Hyacinths, tulips, jonquils, cyclamen, and most other bulbs; China rose; the *Deutzia gracilis*; musk, and mignonette. The latter may be had all the winter by a succession of sowings.

Ferns form a subject in themselves, since they require a different culture to the generality of plants. Many, however, consider them even more interesting and quite as beautiful as their blossom-bearing sisters. They require care and attention, but are not difficult to manage. We saw, a short time since, a Wardian case which a lady, with very little leisure, had constructed for herself, and which was quite a little oasis of verdure in the din and dust of London. Pretty small evergreens are also a great addition to a window in winter, such as myrtles, ivy-leaved and other geraniums, most of which retain their leaves at this season, and small plants of gold and silver holly. The indiarubber plant and the little fern-palm are especially beautiful, each being an ornament in itself. The following substitute for flowers at this season, when even indoors they are difficult to rear, is given by Mr. Mollison, in his "New Practical Window Gardening": "A splendid decorative plant for balconies is the variegated Scotch kale. A quantity of them should be grown, when practicable, during the summer for winter use. To have them dwarf they should be cut over in August, and the tops rooted like cuttings in an open border. They form very nice dwarf plants by the present season (October), and can be arranged according to colour, when they will look splendid. All tints of colour, from blackish-purple to nearly French white, are to be found among them."

Although every one of these well-known plants has been cultivated over and over again, in British gardens and windows, it by no means follows that any one of our readers will find himself successful in his endeavours to cultivate the whole. For, in the same way that the words of the "Leisure Hour" fall upon various hearts and temperaments, so are its pages wafted to different soils and atmospheres. Plants that thrive well with our Devonshire friends may prove very obstinate in the northern counties; and flowers that bloom almost with a wish in London may give no end of trouble among the Welsh hills. But perseverance generally conquers, and many a wayward little floral Katherina will find herself

obliged to yield in the end to some painstaking Petrucio.

To enter here upon the cultivation of flowers would be to go both beyond the space allotted us and our subject itself. It would be, moreover, superfluous, so many excellent books by excellent gardeners having been written for the guidance of both rich and poor. Once again we would strongly recommend the use of the "Manuals for the Many,"* especially Nos. 6 and 10, for flower-growers. Both may be had for threepence. Another highly useful book is Miss Maling's "Indoor Plants, and how to grow them," price one shilling. We would also recommend Mr. Fleming's "Spring and Winter Garden," and Mr. Mollison's "New Practical Window Gardener." Mr. Glenny's numerous works comprise many very useful to amateurs.

CATTERINA, QUEEN OF CYPRUS.

THE story of Catterina Cornaro is one of the most romantic episodes in the history of Cyprus, but has been scarcely noticed in the numerous accounts of the island which have recently appeared. We give it as told by Italian historians.

Marco Cornaro, a Venetian gentleman, having been exiled from his country, established himself at Cyprus, and there formed a strict friendship with Giacomo, a cadet of the house of Lusignan.

He assisted his friend with the means whereby, after some years of civil war, he was enabled to make himself master of the whole island. At first he found money from his own purse, and afterwards obtained the help of his countrymen. Giacomo, being illegitimate, had never been recognised by the Pope, but as soon as he thought himself established, again appealed to him. The Pope remained deaf to his representations. At last, being on this account shunned by the royal princes of Christendom, Giacomo proposed to Marco Cornaro to form an alliance with the Venetian Republic.

Marco had a niece, Catterina Cornaro, a charmingly attractive girl, remarkable for her beauty, and—for her time—her attainments also. This daughter he offered in marriage to Giacomo di Lusignan with a dowry of a hundred thousand ducats, stipulating, however, that Catterina should be made a daughter of the Venetian Republic.

This negotiation was fully carried out towards the end of the year 1468, and after many and tedious delays the alliance was accepted by both parties.

The ceremony of her marriage by proxy was a most imposing one, and the magnificent display which attended the espousals shows in what esteem Cyprus was held. On the morning of the auspicious day, the grand vessel, only used on great state occasions, the Bucentauro, fully dressed with bridal plumes and rich white draperies fringed with gold, was brought to the eastern steps, which were on each side adorned with huge vases of fan-palms, their bright green relieved by the varied colour of the charming flowers which blossomed around them. The Barcaroli stood by, arrayed in short trousers of white silk, fringed at the knees with gold, full-bosomed fine linen shirts, and short jackets of crimson satin, with hanging gilt buttons; their flat caps of

* Published 171, Fleet Street.

the same colour, decorated with one long feather, completed their costume, at once elegant and fit for those who propelled so stately a craft as the famed *Bucentauro*.

The Doge and other notables assembled under a verandah balcony of the ducal palace, which, according to the gorgeous, almost oriental splendour of that period, was draped in crimson, relieved with bridal white, the chairs and footstools being also of like splendour. Catterina was dressed as a queen in royal robes, and conducted by six ladies of honour, followed by the gentlemen who were to be a part of her court, to the presence of the Doge and his suite, where she was met by the personage who had been selected to act as proxy for the bridegroom, who was treated with the same etiquette as a royal *sposo*. A solemn high mass was celebrated in St. Marco, before all the ambassadors, the Doge himself presenting the crown of Cyprus to Catterina, whom he publicly proclaimed daughter adopted of the Republic of Venice.

The marriage rites concluded, the new Queen of Cyprus was conducted to the *Bucentauro* by the Doge himself, who then took leave of her, committing her to the charge of her retinue, and presenting to her the Venetian Ambassador to Cyprus. Four galleys followed as escort.

From all accounts Catterina and her husband lived happily. Her coronation took place soon after her arrival in the island, the people declaring, when the queen, gracious and smiling, presented herself to them, that Venus had come to live in the Island of Cyprus, and as grace and good-nature always have their influence over a people whose affections are their stronghold, so the Cypriotes loved their beautiful Queen Catterina, and everything she said or did was reported as marvellous.

The principal cause of any jealousy which Giacomo might have reasonably felt, was that, although descended from a long line of kings of Cyprus himself, his base birth rendered him unfit to assume the reins of monarchy alone; hence his marriage with Catterina, for the refusal of the princes of Christendom to recognise him, as well as the opposition of the Pope Pius II, had stood in the way.

Nevertheless, his indomitable will and determination to make himself master of the situation so prevailed that the Cypriotes came to regard him with entire confidence, and with their full consent he assumed the kingship, under the name of Giacomo II.

Two years had run their course when new troubles arose. The children of Giacomo di Lusignan determined to throw aside the disadvantages of their birth, they being also base born, and declare their right of succession after their father—for they were all older than the Queen Catterina. Giacomo was then in ill-health, and after two years and a few weeks of his marriage he died. Shakespeare may well have said, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Poor Queen Catterina soon found this out after she lost her protector and husband. Yet after his death she carried herself in every way as a queen. Her natural sorrow at her loss was forced aside by a feeling of deep resentment at the slander which found voice in Cyprus, and reached to the Venetian Republic—that she, the wife who had loved and mourned him, had poisoned him.

Now was the time for those malcontents who had been averse to having a Queen of Cyprus, looking upon a woman in power with Oriental scorning.

But Catterina's friends raised their voices loudly against her accusers, asking—nay, demanding—proofs of her guilt. There was none forthcoming.

A few months after Giacomo's death, the queen gave birth to a boy, his posthumous child; and joy at this event calmed for a time those who seemed steadily bent upon depriving Catterina of her royal state by any means in their power. The christening was a very splendid ceremony, and as the boy's birth settled the succession, there seemed everything to hope and very little to fear.

But, alas! one year after his birth the child died, and the old questions were again revived; neither were there voices wanting to raise again the slander against the queen of having caused her husband's death by poison.

Under these trying circumstances Catterina's brother, Georgio Cornaro, on hearing of his sister's troubles, came on quickly to Cyprus to aid and protect her, which he did right well, entirely clearing her name of the stain thrown upon her.

It was Carlotta di Lusignan, the daughter whose determined ambition to become queen in Catterina's stead caused the greater portion of the slanders against her, and it seemed more than probable that she would succeed.

Meanwhile the Republic of Venice sent her for counsellors two noble Venetians—or rather tutors—with other advisers. They took all power from her hands, leaving to her the vain pomp of royalty and nothing more.

So the time went on, and as the years passed internal and external troubles rendered Catterina's life very heavy to bear. Her beauty remaining unimpaired, the possibility of her re-marrying struck the minds of the senators of Venice, and the consequent complications made them determine to ask from her the renunciation of her position as Queen of Cyprus. Catterina resisted, but at last submitted to the strong pressure brought to bear. Had her little child lived she would not have done so, but a threatened invasion by the Turks, and the constant conspiracies to send her from Cyprus, led her to believe she should be happier elsewhere.

Some weeks after, accompanied by a stately retinue of Venetians, and with all the honour due to her royal rank, she was conducted to the fort of Famagosta. The magistrates and clergy received her at the city gates, and under a dais she made her entry, surrounded by a guard of Venetians, in the midst of the wondering population. The generalissimo of the fleet presented to Catterina the despatches from the signorie, praying her to consider and act. She replied that, as adopted daughter of the Venetian Republic, she obeyed implicitly their decrees, recommending to her successors the happiness of the people whom she had called hers. Catterina then went on board the vessel, a solemn mass was celebrated, and the standard of St. Marco was raised and blessed, and the Venetian Republic held possession of the Island of Cyprus.

Arrived in Venice, the Doge walked before her, giving to Catterina all the honours due to her. She afterwards received great riches and honours at the hands of the Doge, who gave her for her residence the Castello d'Asolo in the province of Treviso. Many voices were raised against the treatment she received, but they did not disturb the safe tranquillity which she enjoyed after she had passed from public life.

C. DI T.

Varieties.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.—The earliest published notice of the Marquis of Lorne is in the Queen's Journal of her Life in the Highlands. In describing the first visit to Inverary Castle, Her Majesty says: "Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. . . . The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair but very delicate features, like both his father and mother: he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporrán,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.—It is interesting to note the impression made on the distinguished naturalist, Charles Darwin, when he recorded, in 1836, his visit to the Southern Hemisphere in H.M.S. Beagle. "From seeing the present state, it is impossible not to look forward with high expectations to the future progress of nearly an entire hemisphere. The march of improvement consequent upon the introduction of Christianity throughout the South Sea, probably stands by itself in the records of history. It is the more striking when we remember that only sixty years since, Cook, whose excellent judgment none will dispute, could foresee no prospect of a change. Yet these changes have now been effected by the philanthropic spirit of the British nation. In the same quarter of the globe Australia is rising, or indeed may be said to have risen, into a grand centre of civilisation, which at some not very remote period will rule as empress over the Southern Hemisphere. It is impossible for an Englishman to behold these distant colonies without a high pride and satisfaction. To hoist the British flag seems to draw with it, as a certain consequence, wealth, prosperity, and civilisation."—*Journal of Researches during the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle round the World.*

MOORLAND INFLUENCES.—Dr. George Johnston, of Berwick-on-Tweed, in the narrative of an excursion among the Cheviot Hills, says:—"During our ascent of Hedgehope, the curlew (*Numenius arquata*), and higher up the golden plover (*Charadrius plumbeus*), uttering as it flew from us its shrill plaintive cry, were seen in their breeding-grounds; and the blackcock (*Tetrao tetrix*) was heard harshly calling to its mates. On this occasion, as on several previous ones, I was struck with the cries of the birds we noticed: there was no sprightliness in them, nor melody; but all were plaintive, or rapid and harsh, and tended to increase that still sobriety—that almost solemn mood—which irresistibly steals over the mind of him who traverses those noiseless, wide, dark-brown moors. The melody of the groves is not in harmony with the scene, and the warblers leave it willingly for haunts nearer the cheerful buzz of man and civilisation."

THE SNAKES OF CYPRUS.—The special correspondent of the "Standard" writes from Larnaka:—"The trail of the serpent is frequent and conspicuous. Crawling abominations infest the sacred groves; centipedes and sundry other entomological nuisances of the queerest names and shapes, that curdle the blood or tickle the midriff, frisk and skip in the dry grass. Had Cleopatra sojourned here she would never have chosen the plan of *felo de se* she did—the asp is so vulgar that by no manner of means could suicide by its instrumentality be considered respectable. The mosquitoes hold high revel, but he would be effeminate indeed who would make moan over them. No; the plagues from which we fly in abject terror are the snakes. There are four species of them, and two are of the deadliest type. These are the cofia, which is ground-coloured, some two and a half feet long on an average, and with a sharp-pointed head and under-part streaked with white. The venom of this reptile is so poisonous that its bite kills in six hours. This is no traveller's tale grounded on vague hearsay. Lieutenant Seager told me he had a boy carried into hospital one morning at Linasol who had been bitten by this cofia. Before the afternoon the poor lad was rigid in death. The clough is the deadly congener of the cofia; he also is of the treacherous colour of the

soil, and makes his way sometimes into dwelling-houses. Mr. Vice-Consul Loiso found one coiled round the neck of a favourite kitten the other day. Because of these snakes the field labourers and all the inhabitants of the rural districts, women and toddling children included, wear high boots. But high boots will not protect against that ugly rival of the snakes, the venomous spider, whose puncture is credibly reported to sign one's death warrant. With all these thick-sown terrors under foot and in the air it is notable how exempt we are from dread of these troubles till we meet them, and how few are the deaths from snakebite and kindred accidents."

EGYPTIAN SERFS.—Every stranger in Egypt is apt to ignore the existence of the five millions of natives who form the Arab population of the country. He does not take the trouble to learn their language, he knows nothing of their customs, he despises their religion. He thinks Egypt was made for the hundred thousand Europeans who are only sojourners in the land, and the meek, laborious, underpaid, and overtasked peasant he only sees in the light of a tax-paying animal that is necessary for the cultivation of the soil and the repayment of the loans which compose the sum of the Public Debt. The natives assist this theory by their unobtrusive ways, their endurance of oppression, and their incapacity for the slightest corporate action.

CAPTAIN MACONOCHE'S TREATMENT OF CONVICT PRISONERS.—When Captain Maconochie went out to Norfolk Island, there was a young man sent out to Sydney; he had been convicted of some venial offence. When he arrived at his destination he considered that he had been unjustly treated and he committed one act of violence; this led to severe restraint being put upon him. Restraint provoked retaliation, and it soon became a declared open war between him and his gaolers. He was at last chained to a rock and a hole scraped out for his bed; and so ferocious had he become that when food was brought to him it was presented on the end of a pole. When Captain Maconochie arrived, and this man was shown to him, he said their method of treatment had been bad. He released the man from his fetters, gave him work to do, and in a short time converted him into one of the most intelligent men that he had in Norfolk Island. When questioned on the point some time after, Captain Maconochie said, "I treated him as a human being," and that is the principle which is now recognised in all prison discipline.—*The Earl of Carnarvon.*

RECORDERS OF LONDON.—Three hundred years ago the holder of this honourable office was a man named William Fletewood, whose letters, edited and published about forty years ago by Mr. Thomas Wright, are well known to readers of original letters relating to the past life of the English people. Fletewood was in the habit of writing to Lord Burleigh, when the latter was out of town, gossiping letters on police matters, written in a free and amusing style. It might perhaps surprise some of the learned gentlemen ambitious to occupy the post that Fletewood so zealously filled to hear of the varied and onerous duties that appertained to the office in his days. The Recorder now tries thieves, but then he used to apprehend them. He visited plague-stricken houses, shut up ale-houses, hunted up and captured Popish recusants, spent whole nights in searching through the worst parts of London. In some of these duties we find associated with him the Master of the Rolls. The letters are full of passages that give much insight into the social condition of England in these days. Perhaps the passage that struck us with the greatest surprise was the following, that will be full of interest to all readers of Dickens:—"There was a schoolhouse set up to learn young boys to cut purses. There were hung up two devices; the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawks' bells, and over the top did hang a little racing bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise was allowed to be a public forystier, and he that could take a piece of sylver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a judicial nipper."

Market Rasen.

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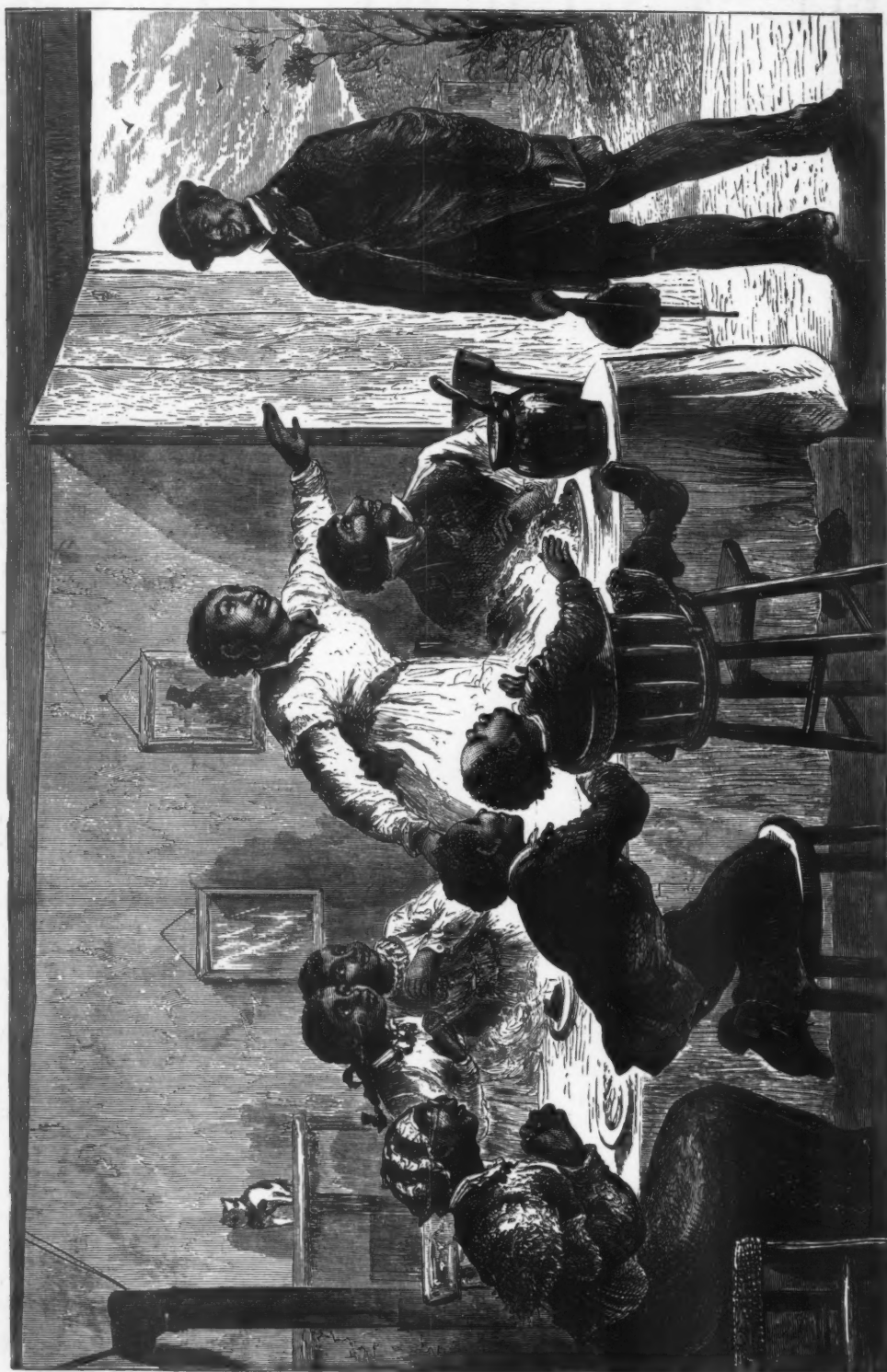
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